

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

[THE DOO DOO MAN:]

How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

Who's the Doo Doo Man?

(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

[MIKE:]

Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

[KIM CARTER:]

Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

[Q-TIP:]

Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

[MASE:]

Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

[DE LA SOUL:]

This this this is De La Soul, Pos Love
This is Dove Love
Mase Love
And when we're not here we're where?
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

[DIVINE STYLER:]

Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-Ine Styler-Ine, and all come inside
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta
here, ha ha ha!

[BOBBY SIMMONS:]

Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]

Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up,
on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo
Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.
(You got the cooties)

[PAUL:]

Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or
boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening
to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RRAH!

[POPMMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That
mouli? Freakin' lick him.